

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

These hands shall never draw'em out like lightning
To blast whole Armies more.

Arcite. No *Palamon*,

These hopes are Prisoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youthes must wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age must finde us,
And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried,
The sweete embraces of a loving wife
Loden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids
Shall never claspe our neckes, no issue know us,
No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em
Boldly to gaze against bright armies, and say
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.
The faire-cyd Maides, shall weepe our Banishments;
And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune
Till shee for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another,
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.
The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Sommer shall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.

Pal. Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,
That shooke the aged Forrest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo, no more shake
Our pointed Iavelyns, whilst the angry Swine
Flyes like a parthian quiver from our rages,
Strucke with our well-steeld Darts; All valiant uses
(The foode, and nourishment of noble mindes,)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die
(which is the curse of honour) lastly,
Children of greife, and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet Cosen,

Even from the bottom of these miseries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rysing, two meere blessings,
If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience,

And

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

And the enjoying of our greifes
Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me
If I thinke this our prison.

Pala. Certainly,

Tis a maine goodnes Cosen, that
Were twyn'd together; tis most true
Put in two noble Bodies, let'em su
The gauld of hazard, so they grow
Will never sincke, they must not, fa
A willing man dies sleeping, and a

Arc. Shall we make worthy us
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How gentle Cosen?

Arc. Let's thinke this prison, ho
To keepe us from corruption of w
We are young and yet desire the
That liberty and common Conve
The poyson of pure spirits; might
Woode us to wander from. What
Can be but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And heere bei
We are an endles mine to one an
We are one anothers wife, ever be
New birthes of love; we are fath
We are in one another, Families,
I am your heire, and you are mine
Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppr
Dare take this from us; here with
We shall live long, and loving: N
The hand of war hurts none here
Swallow their youth: weie we a
A wife might part us lawfully, o
Quarrels consume us, Envy of il
Crave our acquaintance, I might
Where you should never know
Without your noble hand to do
Or prayers to the gods; a thousan
Were we from hence, would sea

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